A

COMICAL DIALOGUE

Between Two

COUNTRY LOVERS;

CONTAINING

Love Letters and *Songs*,

Agreeable to their Proceedings

Newcaſtle: Printed in this preſent Year.

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Country-Lovers.

Their First Meeting.

John. FAIR dame, the favour of a kiss I crave,
In hopes acquaintance further for to have,
For since I view'd the beauty of your face,
And did behold your modest sober grace,
I minded, and desirous was to shew,
My late begun affection unto you:
But first I hold it requisite and good
That I the case more plainly understood.
Before my love be further plac'd, I crave,
To know if you no other suitors have,
To which you are in promise, tied, or bound,
'Tis my desire to have a certain ground,
And further, if you my person do affect,
Or fancy can in any such respect.

Jane. Kind sir, you place, or would a good foundation,
And seem to be of sober conversation;
Else I use not so long to stay with any,
Though I in courtship have been sought by many;

Yet I by promiſe am engag'd to none,
But am contented thus to live alone;
So I in anſwer to your late requeſt,
Deſire you to ſet your heart at reſt.

Jo. At reſt! fair Maid, but never till I wed,
And I wou'd have you miſtreſs of my bed;
For reſt I cannot till I have a wife,
Who can do well, and lead a ſingle life?
Not you, nor I, 'twere better we were wedded,
And both to night, before the morrow, bed-
This is the way to ſet at reſt my heart, (ded;
Now bid me welcome, and we'll never part.

Ja. Welcome! to what? Methinks you joke me now,
Beſides, I cannot longer ſtay with you;
I muſt be gone; pray do not hold me ſo,
Hark! how they call; come, come, pray let me go.

Jo. Hold, hold, my love, for ſo we will not part,
For this is no contentment to my heart;
I you deſire to tell me what's your name,
And when I write, that you accept the ſame;
Yet I to ſee you here again intend,
My buſineſs, e'er few days will have an end,
Shall be to know ſomewhat of your deſign,
For I reſolve, fair Maid, to make you mine.

Ja. Indeed! kind ſir, have you got my conſent,
Or do you think, that I am ſo content?
No, no, not ſo, 'tis fit I underſtood,

What would be to my profit, or my good.
When ſeven long years are ſlid away, 'twill be
Too ſoon to wed, for ſuch a one as me;
Thus I in haſte am very ſhort and plain,
And would have you give love for love again.
Thus bids farewell, I can no longer ſtay,
Pray hold me not, but let me go away.

Jo. Well, ſince we muſt at preſent parted
We'll take our leave in love and amity; (be,
In which I wiſh a friendſhip firm and ſure
That may to round eternity endure.

His LETTER.

FAIR Miſtreſs, I you greeting ſend
A ſalutation without end;
My prayers for your proſperity,
Henceforth for evermore ſhall be:
They'll have no failing, nor no end,
Till you can freely condeſcend
To grant me love, and quench the fire,
Your beauty bred my ſtrong deſire,
While in your company I ſtay'd,
Much like a torch my heart was made:
Affection's fire therein was plac'd,
And by your beauty was embrac'd,
And now is ſpread to ſuch a flame,
That you muſt either quench the ſame,
Or I ſhall be conſum'd at laſt,
The power's not mine to guide the blaſt.
In plain and eaſy terms, thou art

The beſt beloved of my heart:
And know, I live in ſuch a way,
As you are not to ſay me nay;
For I'll have a wife with ſpeed,
So I would have us ſoon agreed,
That I at home may reſt content,
And ſo beget a ſettlement.
For plainly, and indeed 'tis ſo,
That when I have abroad to go,
My ſervants they moſt laviſhly
My bacon and my beef do fry,
And merry make themſelves with cheer,
And drinking of my ſtronger beer:
So I would have you to conſider
Againſt our meeting next together,
Which will, I hope, to-morrow be,
For ſo it beſt befitteth me.
So now at preſent I ſhall reſt,
And what in words are miſs-expreſs'd,
I'll make them up, when as we meet,
With ſonnets rare, and kiſſes ſweet;
For your welfare, ever wiſheth he,
Who is, and ever will, your ſervant be.

Their Second Meeting.

HOW doth my joy? How are you my dear?
Since the laſt time we together were;
Oh! but I wonder what ſo haſted you,
Pray have you time to tarry with me now?

Ja. Indeed, Sir, tho' I had time, I know not for what end I ſhould tarry, neither do I think it convenient. I am ſorry to think of the trouble and inconveniences you are at in coming the ſecond time: but, did I encourage you?

Jo. What moves you, Miſtreſs? Pray be not ſo coy,
You know you are my only hope of joy;
Why do you frown? What grief is in your mind?
Surely I die, unleſs you prove more kind.

Ja. Die! ſo muſt I too; we muſt all die, but not for love of our ſweethearts.

Jo. Well, love, but have you never heard of any that died for love?

Ja. Yes, Sir, too many; but are you ſo ſcorched with the fire of affection at the firſt ſitting down, as that it muſt either be quenched on a ſudden, or you conſume in the flame? Truly I believe the old Proverb, *Soon hot and ſoon cold.*

Jo. But do you think I have no longer known
Your comely perſon, than I love have ſhewn?
Yea, I have been a twelvemonth and a day,
Before the fire had power to overſway;
My ſtrength and my endeavour was not ſmall,
Tho' now the heat had overpower'd tham all.

Ja. But can I believe the fire was ſo long a kindling; ſure the wind would have blown

the ſparks, and cauſed the flame to have blazed forth before this time?

Jo. Not ſo, my dear, for then it might done harm,
I fed one ſpark, only to keep me warm;
But having now increaſed the fuel more,
It is more hot and fiercer than before:
So as I ſaid, it may conſume my heart,
If you'll not haſte to eaſe me of my ſmart.

Ja. Truly, Sir, if the fire be hot, it were better I kept me further off it; for two or three drops of a Maiden's buttock would make it flame the more, being of an oily ſubſtance, unleſs the fire of affection be contrary to the fire of coals?

Jo. It is contrary, and no water can
Quench love's fire within the heat of man;
But that's the balm; and nectar's pleaſant ſweet,
The life of all, when male and female meet:
And nothing can ſo cool a lover's flame,
As when he lies and tumbles on the ſame;
So let me but, according to the order,
Dip in my pen, and I will go no further.

Ja. Oh fie! what would you do? I was but jeſting, and are you in earneſt? I will begone if you be not civil.

Jo. Believe me, my deareſt, how endleſs I love you,
And in the world I none eſteem above you;
Grant me your love, and my requeſt therefore,

And you'll be Miſtreſs of my pen and more;
All that I have at your command ſhall be,
If you'll but wed and bed this night with me.

Ja. Sir, you are in haſte?

Jo. I am in haſte, my letter teſtifies,
Which in your boſom here unmoved lies;
Have you perus'd and p nder'd of my need,
Then tell me how in love I do proceed?

Ja. In my favours and affections you proceed nothing; neither do I like this art of verſifying, becauſe it is a ponderous and weighty concern, and requires a more ſerious conſideration.

Jo. Do you believe there's harm in verſifying?
Or can you ſay I patch them up with lying?
Or do you think I am therein to blame?
Rehearſe it not, my Miſtreſs ſweet, for ſhame.
Your blooming cheeks they bluſh, I ſee,
To think you verſified with me
The laſt time, and the firſt, that I
Was in your pleaſant compa.ny.

Ja. Why need I bluſh? Did I any thing to ſhame with? Or did I believe you at that time? 'Twas only becauſe the letter was in verſe, and not in proſe; and though I was at that time comically diſpoſed, I make it not my common practice, as you do.

Jo. Come, come, my pretty ſweet honey:
Come, will you be angry? I will leave my

accuſtomed wont of ſpeaking in verſe, and do as you do, if it be to your contentment.

Ja. Were I never ſo angry, I could not but laugh at your amorous intreaties and elegant deportment; but whether you talk in verſe or in proſe, 'tis all one to me, for you know my reſolutions to retain my virginity.

Jo. Then you are reſolved to keep your virginity and maidenhead.

Ja. In truth I am.

Jo. Well, Miſtreſs, I ſhall put mine to yours, and ſo we may keep them both the better: Elſe I am ſure I ſhall loſe mine ere long, for I am often dreaming ſomebody hath it already.

Therefore, ſweet Miſtreſs, I you pray,
Shew me the perfect ready way
Unto your cloſet, and I'll ſet
The door open, and in it put
My maidenhead, with yours to lie;
So you may in ſecurity
Keep them as ſafe, ſafer too,
Than you your own alone can do.

Jo. Oh ſtrange! are you beginning again to court the muſes? Sure you are ſuch a one as a woman was never matched with, when will you put an end to thoſe frivolous expreſſions?

Jo. Why do you count them frivolous? Do you not like to ſport and kiſs?

They are the fruits of love in truth,
Nurs'd up with merry ſmiles of youth;
Then be not you ſo nice and coy,
But let's each other's love enjoy.

Ja. Not ſo, Sir, pray forbear till you get one of your own, then you need not delay to uſe your pleaſure.

Jo. And are you not my own in heart,
In well or wo to take my part:
You know I did a promiſe make,
That I would never you forſake;
And ſeal'd it with a kiſs in love,
That ſo it never ſhould remove.

Ja. If it were poſſible to ſeal promiſes with kiſſes, they were but your own; you know I conſented to nothing.

Jo. Your ſilence a conſenting gave,
What need I further promiſe crave?
We thus agreed a match to make,
And for the future were to take,
My words were you, I your conſent,
That nothing after could prevent;
Thus was the concord of affection,
Made up and brought to its perfection.

Ja. Truly, Sir, I will leave you; for you are ſo full of jeſts, I cannot put in a word to any purpoſe; Pray hold by, let me be gone.

Jo. Not ſo, my bonny ſugar joy,
I'll keep you with ſome ſweet employ;
Let's kiſs and cuddle while we may,

You know I have not long to ſtay ;
Why ſhould you leave me then alone?

Ja. Why ſhould I ſtay to keep company with a man having no thoughts of marriage? I therefore tell you in ſhort, it is loſt labour to ſeek what is never likely to be found.

Jo. In ſhort again I'll tell you plain,
You muſt and ſhall with me remain,
And be my own till death us part,
For you alone have won my heart.

Ja. Can you force me whether I will or no? Can you have me without conſenting? Or would you marry one whether or no ſhe likes your perſon? Will nothing abate your jocundity?

Jo. In ſpite of fortune and of fate,
I will have you to be my mate:
Or you take me, I care not whether,
So let us join our loves together:
I am ſo reſolutely bent,
I matter not for your conſent.

Ja. Yea, the rape, am I in your poſſeſſion? Or do you think I ſhall ever condeſcend or agree to you importunity? Nay, ſurely I ſhall be Miſtreſs over my own will; and tell you once again, that neither threatings, jeſtings, nor yet any other perſuaſions ſhall ever allure or draw my affections into your embraces.

John's *Song at* Jane's *Denial.*

MY honey-ſweet be not ſo coy,
Leſt I by languiſhing deſpair;
And all my joy and ſaid annoy,
Do weary out with grief and care.
My days and years, in which my heart
Should have been freed from *Cupid's* dart.
But do your words and heart agree?
Are you reſolved to try me thus!
The one or other needs muſt be,
Come, *Cupid*, do alike to us;
Let her but feel what I have done,
And doubtleſs ſhe'll be woo'd and won,
Come, come, let's take you by the hand,
And to the church away with ſpeed,
Where we will tie the marriage bands,
Each other, let's be thus agreed
Thus may you be my wedded wife,
And lead with me a happy life.

Jane's *Anſwer.*

SIR, if it either grieve your heart,
Or give annoy in any caſe,
To cauſe in you true lover's ſmart,
It would your eloquence diſplace:
But true it is, love ſeldom lies
In young men's hearts more than their eyes.
But how ſure you in it do prove,
I cannot give you my conſent,
Or ever grant you love for love;

So I desire you rest content,
Or go to some where you may speed,
For I to marry have no need.
You see I live with much content,
And nothing lack my heart can crave;
So seek no further my consent,
I'll not wed to be a slave:
Too oft we see both men and wives
Live in contention all their lives.

John's *Reply.*

MY nightingale we'll never part,
You more and more inflame my heart.
Contention never durst appear,
In any place in which I were,
I am an enemy thereto.
And clearly wrought its overthrow.
You shall have all my heart can crave,
My house, my lands, and self you'll have,
And all my geese, hens, ducks and swine.
If you'll but yield, love, to be mine;
My kine, my calves, my horse and filly,
Yea, more than that, you'll have my p——
My oxen, and my fattest sheep,
If naked in my arms you'll sleep;
My corn, my hay, my beef and beer,
And all good commodate for cheer:
My capons, and my turkeys fine,
My harrows, and my ploughs be thine;
My pots, my pans, spoon, dish and ladle,

My pillion-ſeat, and fine ſide-ſaddle;
And all my ſettles, chairs and forms,
And coals to make a fire in ſtorms
My diſh-catch, cupboards, boards and bed,
And all I have, when we are wed:
A ſmall drink-ſtand, over and beſide,
If you'll but yield to be my bride:
And we'll be merry o' th' wedding-day,
We'll drink no water, nor no whey;
But ale and wine, and good ſtrong beer,
Let the exciſe be ne'er ſo dear.
Thus all the day we'll ſport and play,
And bravely paſs the time away;
And when night comes, you need not dread.
The loſing of your maiden-head———
All this to your content ſhall be,
If you'll but wed and bed with me.

Ja. What grief is this! you never did before
Tell me that you had all theſe things in ſtore:
My words now paſt, and therefore I
Muſt as before your ſuit deny;
Or elſe perhaps, I ſhould have thought,
So much you had you wanted nought,
And ſo have wedded for your pelf.
More than for love I hear yourſelf.

Jo. This grieves me to the gut and gall,
That you ſhould jear me thus withal;
I here proteſt to take my way
To one that will not ſay me nay
So oft by half as you have done,

Since this my ſuit was firſt begun:
Yet I in this aſk your conſent,
Leſt my proceedings you prevent.

Ja. Sir, Fare you well, I freely do
Give my conſent thereunto,
Take her and welcome, nought ſhall be
A hinderance to you by me.

Jo. Well, Miſtreſs, all this is nothing betwixt lovers; give me a kiſs at parting, and queſtionleſs at our next meeting, we ſhall be friends again.

Ja. Never talk of it! you had better ſay nothing; I will give you none.

Jo. I'll borrow one my honey-ſweet,
And pay again next time we meet.

Ja. I will not truſt, therefore be gone;
For I intend to lend you none.

Jo. I pray you let it not be known,
That I am out of credit grown;
But in my need one lend me now,
And when I come, I'll pay you two.

Ja. To lend you one I'm not ſo fond,
Without a penal bill or bond.

Jo. You ſhall have a bill, come lend me two
That I may take my leave of you;
And when we meet, four will I pay,
For taking two of you away.

Ja. I'll not encourage you thereby,
To think that ever you and I
On this account will meet again,
This ſuit of yours I ſo diſdain.

Jo. Ten thouſand times farewell, coy dame,
I for an anſwer take the ſame;
Though to my grief meet ne'er will we,
Except you come or ſend for me.——

His LETTER *after her* DENIAL.

Dear MISTRESS,

WHAT can the thoughts and imaginations of man procure, to mitigate his languiſhing deſire; proceeding from the ſuper-abounding of his exceſſive love; ſure you cannot but take ſome pity of your true admirer, and poor diſtreſſed lover. Intollerable are the torments of my annoyances, all my joys are turned upſide down; your parting was a trouble beyond expreſſion, and a ſad accident at home happened in my abſence all to the increaſing and multiplying of my ſorrows; but careleſs are ſervants, and ſeldom comes one croſs alone:

But kil I contented I muſt be,
Though fortune does not favour me.

I ſhall omit to nominate the aforeſaid chance, till our next meeting, if you pleaſe to anſwer this letter, as we may meet again; otherwiſe, I remembering your abſolute abnegation and coyneſs at our parting vows. *Jane*, we will never meet, notwithſtanding I have made it my buſineſs through the entire affection I bear you, to write and inſert the

proffer of marriage once again, which if you reject and positively deny as before, then will I ceaſe my fruitleſs importunity and ſpeedily make up the nuptial concord of affection with the woman of whom I was ſpeaking at our ſeverance. Thus being bound by the neceſſity of my affairs, to crave the lines of a kind anſwer, ſuch a one as may gain me a huſband and you a wife, that ſo I may ever and always to my laſt gaſp remain yours,

J. A.

Her ANSWER.

SIR,

I Am not ignorant of the affection you bear, neither am I afraid in crediting fair an ſguilded pretences of fickle youth. Maids had need to hold faſt and prize their virginity; for being wed, and that once loſt, poor women have care and ſorrow enough, and little regarded, or lightly thought upon by huſbands, by whom it all comes. Women thus married, are married to a multitude of ſorrows, and I ſhall forſee theſe troubles and inconveniencies to go out of the fair and dry high way, to plunge in the mire: Sure it were a great deal better for us both to content ourſelves in ſingleneſs of life, than to go plunging and wreſtling in ſuch a world of ſorrows and cares. Notwithſtanding, if ne-

ceſſity conſtrains you to marry, know that I am by natural inclinations ſubject to love, and that it is no impoſſibility, but I may in proceſs of time draw near an affection; howbeit, a mutual conſideration is expedient and very commendable before the tranſaction of ſo important a matter: So, deſiring to come to a more experimental knowledge how our proceedings ſhall be carried on in matters pertaining to marriage, I partly conclude a ſervant to your requeſt: Which is all from your well-wiſher, J. B.

Their Meeting.

Jo. MY joy, my love, my pretty ſweet delight
Glad is my heart, to meet in love again
With you, who ſeem'd to turn my day to night,
And draw me in the flood of your diſdain.
Ja. Sir, bear with me, for this reſolv'd was I,
I ſhould your nature in ſome meaſure ſee;
And that your patience I might try thereby,
Alſo your love pretended unto me.
Jo. Well, my dear love, for that I you commend,
You'll not find me wavering in my mind,
Or given much to flatter or contend;
I am not ſo addicted or inclin'd:
But what I am, I come not to unfold,

'Tis your affection I the moſt d
Whom I eſteem above the fineſt gold.
And I ſhall until my vitals do expire.
Ja. Sir, how is it that you have hopes
So welcome, and ſo intimate with me? (be
Did you receive the lettet with content,
Which yeſterday I by my friend you ſent.
Jo. Yes, truly, Madam, that you may ſuppoſe,
Elſe I had been depriv'd of you, my roſe,
And to my fate and cruel deſtiny,
Had yielded up, but now a new ſupply:
We thus begin with changes of embraces,
And feaſt ourſelves with ſweeteſt delicacies:
In hopes I am this night to lie with you,
Then you may bid your maiden-head adieu.
Ja. Hold off, I pray you, I am not in ſuch need,
To let you do this wicked ſinful deed;
I'm not ſo haſty, but I'll firſt be wed,
E'er you with me ſhall come within a bed.
Jo. My deareſt choice think'ſt there's any harm
That I ſhould lie to keep my belly warm;
For we to-morrow without fail will be
Wed, if you will but lie this night with me.
Ja. Pray leave this fruitleſs importunity,
If you intend to make a match with me;
Which you may dread, for I reſolve to tarry
Theſe twelve months yet and more before I marry.

Why ſo, my duck, my chicken, and my dove?
Was better ſaid you could not grant me love,
Then had I done, but ſhall a trifle ſever,
And part a match ſo meet and fit for ever;
Let us agree, and ſet a day a-part,
In which we may, though two, be one in heart;
Favours you've mine in all eſtates of life,
Obedient I, and you a loving wife.

Ja. What if I ſhould draw near to your requeſt,
And grant you love, I could not be at reſt;
For why, I fear if once I be but wed,
My merry days, with all my joys, are fled.

Jo. No, Miſtreſs, no, in that you quite miſtake;
I wed you not ſuch care and pains to take;
Your eaſe and pleaſure you ſhall always have,
And all your heart can either wiſh or crave.
Thus will you ſee your joyful days draw on,
And find more pleaſure than to lie alone.

Ja. You carry my affection on with you;
But what was that I pray you ſhould have writ,
The chance of which you have not told me yet?
All this is brave, if I may find it true.

Jo. Well, Love, 'tis paſt, and it may make us ſorry,
Should I rehearſe ſuch a diſaſt'rous ſtory:

A goodly ſwine, by which I ſet great ſtore
In length two yards, in height a yard or more.
Lay ſick 'i th' murrain, at the back o' th' ſtie,
Which, after ſome ſad grievous groans, did die;
And when we had flead off the hide & ſkin,
The leaves were more than a foot thick within:
Oh! dainty flicks I warrant you were there,
Which would've made moſt curious Butchers ware,
But to my loſs, not one poor penny I
Made of my Pig, nor had I ought to fry.

Ja. This was a ſad and grievous chance I own;
Twas better I thereof had never known;
For now I find you to be worſe by this,
Which unto me a grievance is.

Ja. Think not of that, ſweet Miſtreſs, I you pray,
But let us kiſs, and put ſuch thoughts away.
And merry be in hopes of future pleaſure,
Which gladens me beyond all human meaſure:
My heart already cannot but rejoice,
That I have made ſo ſweet and bleſs'd a choice.

The firſt Song *in Part*, by JOHN and JANE.

John. LET lovers here example find,
And ſtrive no more in vain;

.re love commands we muſt be kind,
And never more complain:
Welcome, *Jane*, then to my arms,
I'll love thee as my life,
I'll think no beauty has ſuch charms
As my dear loving wife.
Jane. How happy am I, now I'm wed
Unto the man I love,
No joys are like the marriage bed,
Where two do conſtant prove:
You maidens then that fear to try,
And coyly ſhun the ſport,
To be as happy now as I,
Who would not freely court.

A SONG *in* Chorous *by all, on putting to* Bed.

BEneath the ſhade young *Strephon* lies,
Of all his wiſh poſſeſt,
Gazing on *Silvia's* charming eyes,
Whoſe ſoul is there confeſt:
All ſoft and ſweet the maid appears,
With looks that know no art,
And though ſhe yields with trembling fear,
She yields with all her heart.

LOVE DISARM'D,

A POEM.

By Mr PRYOR.

BEneath a myrtle's verdant ſhade,
As *Cloe* half aſleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breaſt,
And in that heaven deſir'd to reſt,
Over her paps his wings he ſpread,
Between he found a downy bed,
And neſtled in his little head.
Still lay the God: the nymph ſurpriz'd,
Yet miſtreſs of herſelf, deviz'd,
How ſhe the vagrant might enthral,
And captive him who captives all.
Her bodice, half way, ſhe unlac'd,
About his arms ſhe ſlily caſt
The ſilken band, and held him faſt.
The God awak'd, and thrice in vain,
He ſtrove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he ſhook his wing,
Incumber'd in the ſilken ſtring:
Fluttering the God, and weeping ſaid,
Pity poor *Cupid*, generous maid;
Who happen'd, being blind, to ſtray,
And on my boſom loſt his way:

Who ſtray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there muſt hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy pris'ner free,
Who never intended harm to thee.
To me pertains not, ſhe replies,
To know or care where *Cupid* flies:
What are his haunts, or which his way,
Where he wou'd dwell, or whither ſtray:
Yet I will never ſet thee free,
For harm was meant, and harm to me.
Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give the up my bow and dart:
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: Secure my virgin heart,
Inſtant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie,
And freely thou again ſhalt fly,
Thus ſhe the Captive did deliver;
The Captive thus gave up his quiver.
The God diſarm'd e'er ſince that day,
Paſſes his life in harmleſs play:
Flies round, or ſits upon her breaſt;
A little flatt'ring, idle gueſt.
E'er ſince that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in *Cupid's* ſtead:
Directs his arrows as ſhe wills;
Gives grief, or pleaſure; ſpares, or kills.

10 JU 52

FINIS.

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